

Phillipsburg Herald.

PHILLIPSBURG, KANSAS.

England has in some way got the idea that "Monroe is dead."

"The pugilists turned down," says a headline. As if they were gas!

The fact that Mr. Van Alen looks like the prince of Wales should not develop an ambition to act like him.

A stranger bought a draft for \$3 at a bank at Greensburg, Ind., raised it to \$800, got the money and got away. He didn't forget a thing.

Elijah Stewart of Huntington, Ind., has lost interest in politics. For stealing a basket of grapes he was fined \$1 and was disfranchised.

Amelle Rives Chanler has not lost a great deal of time in getting away from matrimonial trammels. She is a great deal more celeritous than defunct.

It is a singular fact in politics that a candidate is always notified of his nomination, but when he is elected or defeated he is left to find it out for himself.

Let Spain declare war against the United States by all means. The football and baseball season is about over and we will soon need other amusement.

It is estimated that the shrinkage in South African securities in London in one week was \$150,000,000. They can stand such little offs as that, but they don't like them.

Senator Sherman's book seems to rub the fur of some people the wrong way. They will get over it. The truth is bound to come uppermost. Sometimes it is a little slow.

Mr. Pass of Lowell, Mass., claims that an English estate worth \$2,500,000 belongs to him. If he'll agree to spend the money on this side of the Atlantic we hope it will come to Pass.

The guests of San Francisco restaurants are not aghast at the appearance of waiter girls in bloomers. Perhaps they are more concerned as to the quality of the oleo or the durability of the steak.

The output of gold the past year in Arizona was over \$4,000,000, and copper \$9,207,000. The governor predicts that the output of gold in Arizona the current year will reach \$10,000,000.

Charles Stuckley until a few days ago was cashier of the state bank in Duluth. He is now taking a vacation in unknown parts and the bank's cash don't balance into something like a hundred thousand dollars. But his father states that Charley didn't take a cent.

China is alarmed about "the new woman." We are informed that the governor of Kwang-Shau-Fu has issued an edict prohibiting women's clubs and admonishing the women who belong to them to return to their husbands within one month. "Contumacious wives will be taken back to their husbands by the police," says the proclamation, in conclusion.

The Michigan Supreme court has decided that "having the jaw bone fractured while getting a tooth drawn is not an accident;" the Pennsylvania Supreme court has ruled that "beef stew is not soup;" the United States Supreme court has handed down a decision that "the tomato is a vegetable." One by one all the great questions of the age are being settled by the judiciary.

In the evening everything was serene at the Kessler hotel in Hannibal, Mo. In the morning the landlord and his family and all his furniture and guests were gone. Wagons drawn by fleet horses had conveyed the Kesslers and their chattels to another state, in order that the fury of creditors might be averted. That's why so many people in Hannibal are now lamenting.

Secretary Olney has done and is doing his best to protect fur seals in our Northwestern possessions. He has the promise of co-operation from Russia and Japan, but England gives no sign of joining in and stopping the work of annihilation. England would be glad to have all others cease killing and leave the business to her alone. England has a stomach for just such an arrangement as that.

M. Francois, an eminent French statistician, has made a careful study of the wealth of nations, and he computes the riches of this country at \$63,000,000,000; England is second, at \$53,000,000,000; France third, at \$45,000,000,000; Germany is worth only \$30,000,000,000 and Russia is very poor relatively, with only \$12,000,000,000. We are evidently still far enough ahead of England not to mind the cash the little Duke of Marlborough gets.

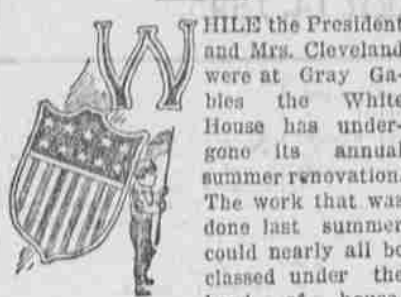
Boston has just passed a municipal law regulating the revenue from street cars, dependent upon the number of cars in actual use. In other words, bribing the railways, or making it to their interest to run as few cars as possible. It is a foolish law.

The world is astounded at the charge that a Boston woman not only scolded her learned husband from bed-time until 2 a. m., but pulled his hair and whiskers and kicked him out of bed. It will be inclined to believe the lady's denial.

WHITE HOUSE WORK.

WHAT HAS BEEN DONE TO RENOVATE EXECUTIVE MANSION.

In a Fresh Coat of Paint—Some of the Floor Coverings Are Worn Threadbare by the Consequence of Traffic—Office Seekers.



While the President and Mrs. Cleveland were at Gray Gables the White House has undergone its annual summer renovation. The work that was done last summer could nearly all be classed under the head of housecleaning. There have been some minor alterations and repairs, however, of which the most important was the cutting of an entrance directly into the Blue room from the portico on the south front of the mansion. This is intended to be used as a private entrance for members of the cabinet and their ladies, members of the diplomatic corps and ladies who are specially invited to assist the president and his wife at state receptions, so as to enable them to enter the White House without being compelled to pass through the crowded front entrance and corridors, where these specially favored persons have sometimes in the past been compelled to struggle with the crowd for half an hour before being able to reach the receiving party.

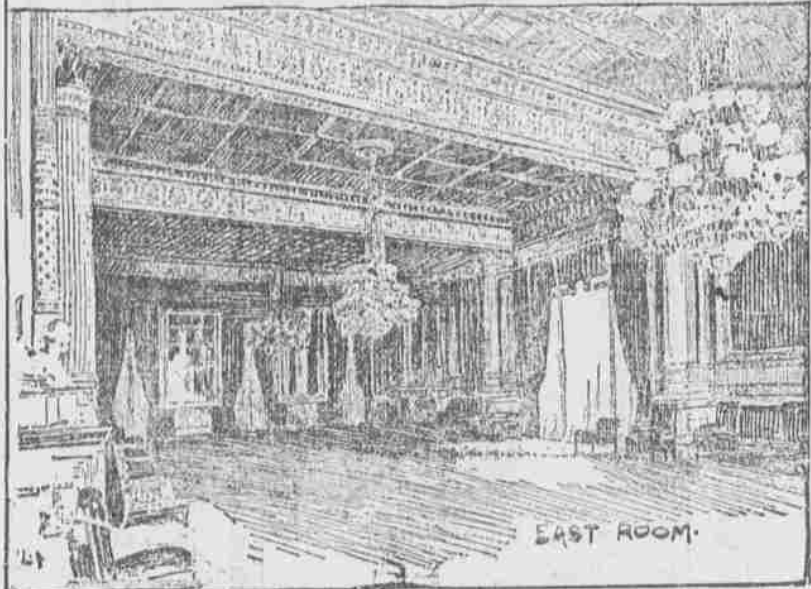
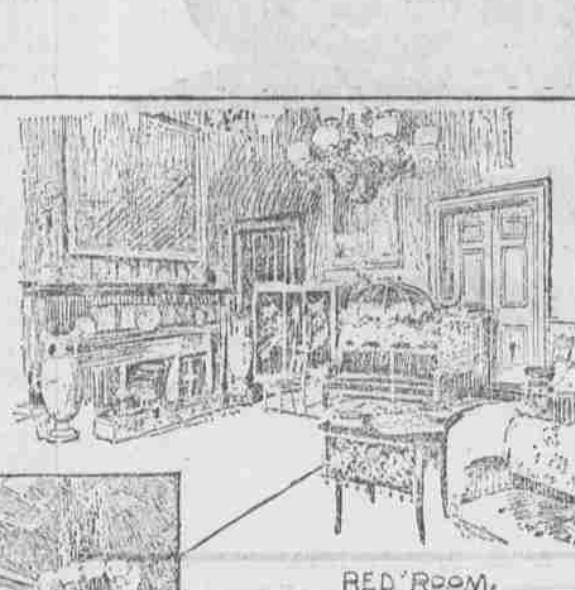
Early in the summer Colonel John

is rather the worse for wear, and the carpet is beginning to look rather shabby in places, especially near the door, where it is daily trodden by hundreds of excursionists and sightseers. This room, as well as many others in the house, was carpeted during President Harrison's administration. Mrs. Harrison giving her personal attention to the selection of the carpets, as she did to the superintendence of the elaborate decorative work which was done in the entrance corridor and some of the parlors during her husband's term of office.

The official part of the house has been made thoroughly clean for the occupancy of the president and his clerical force during the winter, but in spite of all the fresh varnish, which has been liberally applied to the woodwork, it has a shabby appearance. It had been proposed to re-carpet both the cabinet room and the president's office, but Mr. Cleveland would not approve the expenditure of the money, and the old carpets will have to remain although that in the office shows very clearly the effect of the tread of the thousands of office-seekers who have entered that room during the past two administrations with high hopes destined in many instances to be blasted.

The appearance of the outside of the house has been greatly improved. The new asphalt pavements, which have replaced the uneven flagstone sidewalks leading up to the mansion from the street, give a much more tidy appearance to the grounds, and the fresh coat of white paint with which the entire outside of the building has been covered makes it glisten in the sunlight like a structure of snow.

Keeping the White House white is



M. Wilson, the superintendent of public buildings and grounds, made a careful examination of the entire White House to ascertain whether or not any repairs were necessary to make it safe, in view of the great crowds that congregate in it on state occasions. He found that there were evidences of weakness in the beams which supported the main floor of the corridor running along in front of the Red, Blue and Green rooms. It is in this corridor that the greatest crush occurs at public receptions, as there is a constant stream of people through it on their way to the receiving party, while there is often a counter stream going toward the conservatory.

The condition of the beams was such as to give considerable ground for fear that the floor might give way and precipitate the crowd in the corridor into the cellar. In order to guard effectually against any such catastrophe Colonel Wilson had all the weakened beams taken out and replaced by sound ones, and had additional supports put in, so as to make the floor strong enough to safely hold all the persons who could possibly be crowded together upon it.

Numerous alterations were made in the conservatory, so as to make it more commodious and better fit to accommodate some of the crowds which overflow from the parlors and the east room on state occasions. New boilers have been put in for the steam heating plant, and new asphalt pavements have been put down on both driveways leading up to the front entrance to the mansion. No new furniture for any of the principal rooms of the mansion has been bought during the summer, but that in two of the rooms has been freshened up by being re-upholstered. The furniture in the Blue room, in which the receiving party is always stationed, on the occasion of state receptions and where the president usually receives foreign ambassadors and ministers when they make visits of ceremony to the White House, has been re-upholstered in blue and silver, to correspond with the decorations of the room. The Green room, through which callers at the state receptions pass into the east room, after having paid their respects to the receiving party, has been redressed in fresh upholstery of green and gold.

In the great east room—the show room of the mansion—there has been no change in either the furniture or the decorations. The furniture, carpets and pictures in this room have been thoroughly cleaned, as they have been all over the house, but there is nothing new, although some of the furniture

one of the most difficult tasks which the superintendent of buildings and grounds has to perform. It is painted every year or two, but, though Washington is cleaner than almost any other city in the country, and is almost free from coal smoke, the white paint soon takes on a soiled appearance, and the nooks and corners, especially about the columns of the great portico, over the main entrance are favorite resorts for insects, which adorn them with nests, webs and cocoons, in spite of all that can be done by the attaches of the house to brush them down. Occasionally a pair of sparrows begin the construction of a nest at the top of one of the columns, but they never get much further than a beginning, for the foundations of their home are destroyed as fast as they can lay them, and they soon become discouraged, and seek another site for their house.

As the result of the labors of a corps of painters the entire outside of the house is now white as white paint can make it, and will remain fairly clean until the dust and insects of next summer make their annual attack upon it.

What Those Americans Eat.

Many a country hostess is racking her brains for new ideas for shooting luncheons. Oysters are in season, and would certainly tickle the palate of the shooters if they were served as a friend of mine, lately returned from New York, advises. Across the herring pond, you know, oysters are always served on crushed ice and with the most delicious sauces, which we never dream of over here. A very piquant celery sauce, highly flavored with red pepper; a chopped onion, called "Mignonette sauce," and then Tabasco sauce, which is described to me as "liquid pepper."

In America they send to table, at the beginning of dinner, delicate little sticks of celery, two inches or so in length, very crisp, served on ice; and the diners eat their celery as they go on, from dish to dish, just as we eat bread. Very delicious and appetizing, too.

Urging Her On.

"Roberta," said the emancipated woman to her daughter, "I can see a thing or two. You are in love with Charles Wetherill."

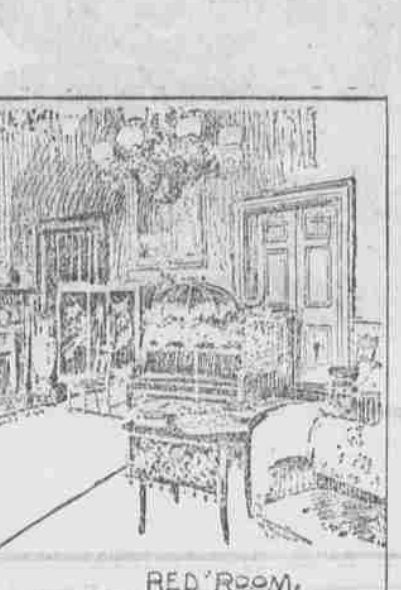
"Well, mamma, suppose I am?" "Then why don't you pluck up courage to propose before some other woman gets him? He's the very best cook in the town and he has money in his own right."—Judge.

GOOSE-PLUCKING IN HESTER.

The Profit Is in the Sale of the Feathers of This Fowl.

Passing through Hester street a few evenings ago I paused before a steep flight of steps leading down into a cellar room beneath a tall, overcrowded tenement, says the New York Herald. The door was partly open, and through the crack I saw a peculiar fog dimly lighted up by an oil lamp that stood on a table. It was this fog that attracted my attention, for at first glance it appeared to be smoke and I thought the place afire. That it was not afire, however, I at once perceived, for the atmosphere seemed full of feathers, floating particles, and there was no odor of smoke. I determined to learn what the mysterious appearance was, however, and quietly descended the steps, pushed the door further open and looked in. A very curious spectacle greeted me. It was a small, square room, with an apartment partitioned off in the rear, into which opened a window, some six feet or more above the floor. The only furniture was the rough, pine table by the door, on which stood the lamp.

There were four occupants, a man, woman, girl and boy, all Russian Hebrews, and scantily dressed. The woman and children were seated upon the floor, amid a mass of geese, which they were busily engaged in plucking. The man was gathering up the feathers, and, with the assistance of a wooden box to stand upon, pushing them through a high window into the rear apartment. The atmosphere was so choked with floating particles of feathers that it was astonishing they breathed at all. They did not notice my appearance and I stood at the door for



some minutes and watched them curiously. The goose-pluckers would grasp a bird by the legs and in a surprisingly short time completely strip it of feathers. So expert was the woman that it took less than two minutes to clean a large bird perfectly. She would throw the carcass in a corner, where scores were already heaped, and grasp another. Goose-plucking is one of the many curious occupations of the big east side. Establishments such as this are numerous. The goose-pluckers buy the birds in wholesale lots, pluck them and sell the carcasses to marketmen at the same figure sometimes even at slight loss under the spur of competition. The profit is in the sale of the feathers. There are goose-pluckers in Hester street who own tenement houses.

To Wash Machinery.

A satisfactory method of removing sticky deposits of grease and dirt from parts of machinery by means of soda lye is reported as being employed to a considerable extent in England. To 1,000 parts by weight of water, about ten or fifteen parts caustic soda and 100 parts ordinary soda is the rule. This mixture is boiled, and the parts of the machinery that are to be cleaned are placed in it, this treatment having the effect of quickly loosening all grease, oil and dirt, after which the metal is thoroughly washed and dried. The action of the lye is, of course, to form with the grease soap soluble in water; and to prevent the lubricating oil, etc., hardening upon the parts of the machinery when in use, a third part of kerosene is added.

GREAT THOUGHTS.

The essence of lying is in deception, not in words. A lie may be told by silence.—Ruskin.

Let it make no difference to thee whether thou art cold or warm, whether thou art ill spoken of or praised, if thou art doing thy duty.—Marcus Aurelius.

Hypocrisy is folly; for it is much easier, safer and pleasanter to be the thing which a man seems to appear, than to keep up the appearance of being what he is not.—Lord Burleigh.

Scriptural repentance is that deep and radical change whereby a sinner turns from the idols of sin and self unto God, and devotes every movement of the inner and outer man to the captivity of his obedience.—Chalmers.

A man might empty a church tonight if he preached on justification by faith, or any of the grand, living, juicy doctrines of the old orthodoxy. One day we shall get tired of the new paste—then we shall ask for the old diamond.—Joseph Parker.

No way on the great ocean of time, when once it has floated past us, can be recalled. All we can do is to watch the new form and motion of the next, and launch upon it to try, in the manner our best judgment may suggest, our strength and skill.—Gladstone.

A devout thought, a pious desire, a holy purpose, is better than a great estate or an earthly kingdom. In eternity it will amount to more to have given a cup of cold water, with right motives, to a humble servant of God, than to have been flattered by a whole generation.—Dr. Cumming.

A TICHBORNE CASE.

A REMARKABLE DRAMA UP IN WISCONSIN.

Fell in with a Long Lost Cousin, Who Bore a Remarkable Resemblance—Died and the Cousin Even Deceived the Widow.



In the winter of 1892 Willis Gorman, who had just married Annie McLaughlin, of Sedgwick, Wis., disappeared as completely as though the earth had opened and swallowed him. As he owned a good farm and some business property near that place, and his domestic relations were of the most pleasant character, no reason could be assigned for his leaving. Extensive search and inquiry developed no trace of his whereabouts. Mrs. Gorman finally reconciled herself to widowhood and set about looking after her property, worth in the neighborhood of \$10,000. In March, 1894, a man appeared in Sedgwick and announced himself as the missing Willis Gorman. He closely resembled the missing man and had knowledge of circumstances that only Gorman and his wife knew. Nevertheless Mrs. Gorman had her doubts. There was something peculiar about him which the friends of the missing Willis Gorman could not understand. He possessed all the characteristics of the absent man, but could not get names and localities right at all times, and did not seem as familiar with the country around Sedgwick as he should have been. The man accounted for this by saying that he had been injured in the head over in Michigan, to which state he had wandered, and that his mind was not as strong as it had been prior to his accident. He had been with his cousin, John McGuire, he said, who had been very kind to him during his long illness.

Within a month the man was recognized by all as the real Willis Gorman and he then took his place as the head of the Gorman family. The feeling on the part of Mrs. Gorman's friends that all was not right wore off after a time and until a few days ago this man has been looked upon as Willis Gorman, the lawful husband of Mrs. Gorman, with whom he has been living, and the legal owner of the property which had been cared for by the lady after her husband disappeared.

McGuire was tempted by the property owned by Gorman to pass himself off as the dead man. The two men resembled each other, and armed as he was with the history of his cousin, and knowing all the details of his life at Sedgwick, McGuire found it an easy matter to appear at the home of his cousin in his assumed character. He was surprised, he said, to succeed as well as he had, and would not have gone so far had not Mrs. Gorman finally admitted that he was her husband. Then it was too late to back out, and he had been literally in Willis Gorman's shoes ever since.

McGuire was completely prostrated when he finished his confession, and with tears streaming down his face offered to marry Mrs. Gorman. He said he loved her, and would do all in his power to right the wrong he had wrought. The child lying in Mrs. Gorman's arms was his, he added, and this was an additional reason why he should marry her.

Mr. McLaughlin, angry though he was, recognized McGuire's proposition as the most sensible that could be suggested, wanted his sister to accept the offer, but Mrs. Gorman would not listen.



MRS. WILLIS GORMAN.

to it. She insisted that McGuire must leave at once. So, after making a written confession of the deception he had practiced relating to the death of Willis Gorman and relinquishing all rights to the child, he was allowed to depart. As soon as the Gorman property, consisting of a farm and two store buildings, can be sold Mr. McLaughlin will take his sister and his mother to his home in Nebraska, there to try to forget the dark cloud which has fallen upon their lives.

THEY RESEMBLED EACH OTHER.



WILLIS GORMAN.



JOHN M'GUIRE.

OHIO WHITECAPS.

They Chastise a Wife Beater and Drunkard and Leave Him Hanging.

Thomas Humphreys, a weak-minded old man, residing on the eastern outskirts of East Liverpool, was taken from his house last week by a white cap mob, terribly beaten and left for dead. Humphreys and his wife frequently quarreled while under the influence of liquor. The gang dragged the old man from his bed, clothed only in his night shirt, and in his bare feet compelled him to walk to a lonely spot, where they beat him unmercifully and left him hanging to his wrists from the limb of a tree. Humphreys finally worked himself loose and went to a neighboring pottery for assistance. His head, shoulders and back bear sickening evidences of the cruel treatment, and his injuries are serious. There is no clue to his assailants.

Child-Poisoning by Wholesale.

A woman known as Gaetana Stomoli has been arrested in Sicily for the wholesale poisoning of children with phosphorus. She administered the poison by mixing it with wine and pre-empting upon the children to drink it. Her victims already number twenty-three. It is stated that they all died in fearful agony. The woman has confessed to having committed the deed, and offered as an explanation that she wanted revenge for the death of two of her own children, who had been bewitched. A crowd of people attempted to lynch the woman and were prevented with great difficulty.

Sermon on the Close-Fisted.

Corning can lay claim to the littlest, most penurious, grasping nickel-skinner of the century. Hetty Gorman isn't it with that fellow. What on earth is the use of a young man making himself the butt of ridicule by doing business on the principle that a 10-cent piece is bigger than the stone cap to the tomb of Christ? The liberal thinker, the liberal business man, and the liberal manager are the fellows who succeed in life, but the grasping miser, the hagler over a penny and the nickel-skinner rise about so high and then fall with a dull and sickening swat.—Corning (Kiss) Gazette.